The BLACK BOX

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

The Prince of

Novelized from the motion picture drama of the same name produced by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company. Illustrated with photographs from the motion picture production.

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SYNOPSIS.

Banford Quest, master criminologist of the world finds that in bringing to jus-tice Macdougal, the murderer of Lord Ashleich's daughter, he has but just en-terious master criminal. Engaged by Pro-fessor Ashleigh, Lord Ashleigh's brother, to recover the violen sacketon of an anfessor Ashleigh, Lord Ashleigh's brother recover the sinks asseled of an a thropoid ape, hurried to Mrs. Rushinold reception, where her diamonds have be torn from her throat by a pair of har without arms or body, a black loy la appears from nowhere in his rooms and note contained in it, signed by the armices hands, sarcastically suggests that I Rheinholdt diamonds and the skelet may be hidden together. While Laur Quest's secretary, shadows Craig the pressor's valet, Quest and Lenora, his a sistant, find the skeleton in a hut in professor's garden, and discover there inhuman creature, half monkey and man. As the professor explains the I set after and the monkeyman a skeleton are destroyed in the thures. Quest's rooms, the Rheinholdt diamon suddenly reappear, enclosed in a second reappear, enclosed in a sec x with a note signed by

> FOURTH INSTALLMENT AN OLD GRUDGE.

CHAPTER X.

Sanford Quest was smoking his after-breakfast cigar with a relish he announced. "The young lady tells somewhat affected by the measure of me you are some interested in that his perplexities. Early though it was, prisoner they lost off the cars near Lenora was already in her place, bend- here." ing over her desk, and Laura, who had just arrived, was busy divesting herself of her coat and hat. Quest watched the latter impatiently. "Well?" he asked.

Laura came forward, straightening ber hair with her hands.

"No go," she answered. "I spent the evening in the club and I talked with two men who knew Craig, but I couldn't get on to anything. From all I could hear of the man, respectability is his middle name."

That's the professor's own idea," Quest remarked grimly.

"We're fairly up against it. boss." Laura sighed. "The best thing we can do is to get on to another job. The Rheinholdt woman has got her other answered. "I see him." jewels back, or will have at noon today. I bet she won't worry about the thief. Then the professor's moldy old skeleton was returned to him, even if it was burned up afterwards. I should take on something fresh."

"Can't be done." Quest replied shortintellects are often apt to hit upon the truth, when a man who sees too far ahead goes wrong. Rule Craig there for Red Gallagher? Bring the out. Any other possible person occur to you? Speak out, Lenora. You've something on your mind, I can see."

began tentatively.

"I can't help thinking of Macdouknow whether he's dead or alive. He fore,"

would attempt anything. Quest smoked in silence for a mo-

ment. "I guess the return of the jewels spirit out of him." squelched the Macdougal theory," he remarked. "He wouldn't be likely to observed carelessly. part with the stuff when he'd once got his hands on it. However, I always dies," Mr. Horan advised, "hold tight, meant, when we had a moment's spare and here goes!" away. Can't do any harm."

"I know the section boss on the railway at the spot where he disap-

peared," Laura announced. "Then just take the train down to has been made on the right-hand side Mountways-that's the nearest spot- here and in New York. I've had my and get busy with him." Quest direct- eye on that hill for a long time. My "Try and persuade him to loan impression is that he hid there." us the gang's handcar to go down the "I'll take your advice." Quest deline. Lenora and I will come on in cided. "We'll spread out and take a the automobile."

"Take you longer," Lenora marked as she moved off to put on claimed. her jacket. "The cars do it in a quarter of an hour."

Can't help that," Quest replied. "Mrs. Reinholdt's coming here to iden- looked around to find only her head tily her jewels at twelve o'clock, and I | visible. She scrambled up, muddy and can't run any risk of there being no with wet leaves clinging to her skirt. trein back. You'd better be making good with the section boss. Take told me to look out for caves. I've plenty of bills with you."

"Sure! That's easy enough," Laura saved myself." promised him. "I'll be waiting for

She hurried off and Quest commenced his own preparations. From his safe he took one of the small black lumps of explosive to which he inch or two of tweed was clearly vishad once before owed his life, and fit- lible through the strewn leaves. Quest, ted it carefully in a small case with flat on his stomach, crawled a little a coil of wire and an electric lighter. He looked at his revolver and recharged it. Finally he rang the bell for his confidential valet.

"Ross," he asked, "who else is there here today besides you?" "No one today, sir.

"Just as well, perhaps," Quest observed. "Listen, Ross, I am going out side while Laura passed her arm now for an hour or two, but I shall be | around the other girl's waist. back at midday. Remember that. Mrs. Rheinholdt and Inspector French are to be here at twelve o'clock. If by send someone along. Cheer up, Leany chance I should be a few minutes nora," he added kindly. "Look after late, ask them to wait. And, Ross. her, Laura."

Army will call too. You can give her

this check.' Ross Brown, who was Quest's secretary-valet and general factorum, accepted the slip of paper and placed it

in an envelope. "There are no other instructions,

sir?" he inquired. "None." Quest replied. "You'll look out for the wireless, and you had better switch the through cable and telegraph communication on to head-

quarters. Come on Lenora." They left the house, entered the waiting automobile, and drove rapidly towards the confines of the city.

By Quest's directions the nutomobile was brought to a standstill at a point where it skirted the main rallway line, and close to the section house which he had appointed for a moment too late. Almost in his ears his rendezvous with Laura. She had apparently seen their approach, and she came cut to meet them at once, accompanied by a short thick-set man whom she introduced as Mr. Horan. "This is Mr. Horan, the section boss," she explained,

Mr. Horan shook hands.

"Say, I've heard of you, Mr. Quest,"

"That's so." Quest admitted. "We'd like to go to the spot if we could."
"That's dead easy," the boss re-"I'll take you along on the handcar."

The section boss turned round and men jumped on to a handcar, and brought it around to where they were lay in the road. standing. A few yards away the man who was propelling it-a great, redheaded Irishman-suddenly ceased his efforts. Leaning over his pole, he gazed at Quest. A sudden ferocity darkened his coarse face. He gripped his mate by the arm.

"See that bloke there?" he asked, pointing at Quest.

"The guy with the linen collar?" the

"That's Quest, the detective," the Irishman went on hoarsely. "That's the man who got me five years in the pen, the beast! That's the man I've been looking for. You're my mate, Jim. eh?"

"I guess so." the other grunted. "Look here, girls, your average "Are you going to try and do him in?"
lects are often apt to hit upon "Now then, you fellows," Horan shouted. "What are you hanging about carriage up. You fellows can have a smoke for an hour. I'm going to take her down the line for a bit."

"I'm afraid you'll laugh at me," she The two men obeyed and disappeared in the direction of the section "Won't hurt you if I do," Quest re- house. Quest looked after them curi-

ously. "That's a big fellow," he remarked. gal," Lenora continued falteringly, "He "What did you call him? Red Gallahas never been recaptured. I don't gher? I seem to have seen him be-

had a perfect passion for jewels. If | "He was the most troublesome felhe is alive, he would be desperate and low on the line once, although he was would attempt anything."

the biggest worker," the boss replied. "He got five years in the penitentiary and that seems to have taken the

"I believe I was in the case." Quest "That's so! Now then, young la-

time to look into that fellow's where-about. We'll take it on straight about half a mile. Then Horan brought them to standstill.

"This is the spot," he declared. "Now, if you want my impressions you are welcome to them. All the search

little exercise in hill climbing." "Good luck to you!" the boss ex

They searched carefully and deliberately for more than half an hour. Then Laura suddenly called out. They "Say, that guy of a section boss been in one, sure enough! Only just

They hurried to where she was. Quest peered into the declivity down which she had slipped. Suddenly he gave vent to a little exclamation. At The old man happened to be a friend the same time Laura called out. An way down, took out his electric torch

away. Then he clambered to his feet. gravely, "and your troubles, Lenora. That is Macdougal's body." Lenora's face sank into her hands

for a moment. Quest stood on one

Quest glanced at his watch. "I'll have to get." he said, "but I'll

a young woman from the Salvation | Quest hastened along the road to little mahogany box, looked at the ball she continued, glancing at the clock. their faces. Quest came to a stand-

the spot where he had left the car. The chauffeur, who saw him coming, started up and climbed to his seat Quest took his place.

"Drive to the office," he ordered. The man slipped in his clutch. They vere in the act of gliding off when there was a tremendous report. They stopped short. The man jumped down and looked at the back tire. "Blowcut," he remarked laconically

Quest frewned. 'How long will it take?"

"Four minutes," the man replied I've got another wheel ready. That's he queerest blowout I ever saw though. The two men leaned over the tire

Suddenly Quest's expression changed. His hand stole into his hip pocket. "Tom." he explained, "that wasn't a

blowout at all. Look here!" He pointed to the small level hole. Almost at once he stood back and the sunshine flashed upon the revolver

clutched in his right hand. "That was a bullet," he continued Someone fired at that tire. Tom.

there's trouble about." The man looked nervously around

"That's a rifle bullet, sure," he muttered. "Get on the wheel as quick as you

can," Quest directed. "Here, I'll give you a hand." He stoopped down to unfasten the straps which fastened the spare wheel. It was one of his rare lapses, realized

came the hoarse cry: "Hands up, guvnor! Hands up this econd or I'll blow you to hell!" Quest glanced over his shoulder and

looked into the face of Red Gallagher. raised a little above the level of the road. A very ugly little revolver was pointed directly at Quest's heart, "My mate's got you covered on the other side of the road, too. Hands up.

both of you, or we'll make a quick job of it." Quest shrugged his shoulders, threw his revolver into the road and obeyed

As he did so, the other man stole out from behind a bush and sprang for the chauffeur, who under cover of the car was stealing off. There was a brief struggle, then the dull thud of whistled. From a little side track two the railway man's rifle falling on the chauffeur's head. He rolled over and

"Pitch him off amongst the bushes. Red Gallagher ordered. "You don't want anyone who comes by to see. Now lend me a hand with this chap. "What do you propose to do with me?" Quest asked.

"You'll know soon enough," Red Gallagher answered. "A matter of five minutes' talk, to start with. You see that handcar house?"

"Perfectly well," Quest assented 'My eyesight is quite normal." "Get there then. I'm a yard behind you and my revolver's pointing for

the middle of your back.' Quest sprang lightly down from the road, crossed the few intervening yards and stepped into the handcar house

Gallagher and his mate followed close behind. Quest paused on the threshold. "It's a filthy dirty hole," he re-"Can't we have our little marked.

chat out here? Is it money you want?" Gallagher glanced around. Then with an ugly push of the shoulder he sent Quest reeling into the shed. His

great form blocked up the doorway.
"No," he cried fiercely, "it's not money I want this time. Quest, you brute, you dirty bloodhound! You sent me to the pen for five years-you



"Hands Up, Guvnor!"

with your cursed prying into other people's affairs. Don't you remember

me, eh? Red Gallagher?" "Of course I do," Quest replied coolly. "You garroted and robbed an old man and had the spree of your life of mine, so I took the trouble to see

that you paid for it. Well?" "Five years of hell, that's what I had," the man continued, his eyes flashing, his face twitching with anfrom his pocket and brushed the stuff | ger. "Well, you're going to have a little bit more than five years. This "Our search is over," he declared shed's been burnt down twice, sparks from passing engines. It's going to be burnt down for the third time." "Sounds remarkably unpleasant," Quest admitted. "You'd better hurry

or the boss will be back." Gallagher finally slammed the door Quest heard the heavy footsteps of the two men as they turned toward house in Georgia square?" the section house. He drew a little

case from his pocket. He opened what seemed to be a



"You Don't-You Don't Suspect Me of This?"

twisted the coil, stood back near the Quest a wonderful man?" door and then pressed the button. The result was extraordinary. The whole inspector admitted. "All the same some distance in front the ground hands on the thief." was furrowed up by the explosion. and ran for the tower house. Behind diamonds back. I feel I ought to go see a freight train coming along. He | mending Mr. Quest." could hear, too, Red Gallacher's roar of anger. It was less than fifty yards. Rheinholdt was suddenly aware that yet as soon as he reached the shelter of the tower the thunder of the freight around. Red Gallagher and his mate

chief commissioner." The man moved to the signal. Anturned swiftly around. The Irishman's red head had appeared at the top of

the staircase. "Drop that signal or I'll blow you nto bits," he shouted.

The operator hesitated, dazed "Walk towards me," Gallagher shouted. "Look here, you guy, this will show you whether I'm in earnest

A bullet passed within a few inches of the operator's head. He came slowly across the room. Below they could hear the roar of the freight.

cop, and we're going to have him." Quest had stolen a yard or two lagher's mate from behind shouted out a warning just a second too late. With fore the Irishman could recover he his fingers. His face grew suddenly struck him full in the face. Notwith- grave. standing his huge size and strength, Gallagher reeled. The operator who the two thugs. A shot from the tangled mass of struggling limbs whis- car until I send out for you." tled past Quest's head as he sprang to the window which overlooked the track. The freight had already almost neath. The gap between it and the peculiar silence, which seemed to have previous one was slipping by. He set in it some unnamable quality. He

his teeth and jumped on the smooth moved to the foot of the stairs and Back behind the tower Red Gallagher and his mate bent with horrifled aces over the body of the signalman.

us. Red, he's cooked!" was in his face as he glanced furtive-

ly around. "I never meant to drop him," he broke from his lips. muttered. "I got mad at seeing Quest

get col. That man's a devil." "Wast are we going to do?" the other demanded hoursely.

the wheel. If we've got to swing for Miss Quigg, the Salvation Army young this job, we'll have something of our own back first."

They crawled to the side of the their job. In a few minutes the wheel was fixed. Clumsily but successfully, the great Irishman turned the car

around away from the city. "She's a hummer," he muttered. "I'll the threshold. make her go when we get the hang of

They drove clumsily off, gathering shadow of the tower, the signalman arm. At that moment there was the lay dead. Quest, half way to New York, stretched flat on his stomach, side, was struggling for life with knees and hands and feet.

CHAPTER XI.

Mrs. Rheinholdt welcomed the inspector with a beaming smile as he stepped out of his office and approached her automobile.

The inspector obeyed and took his place in the luxurious limousine. "How beautifully punctual we are!"

tell the man to drive to Mr. Quest's

of black substance inside, closed it up. | "Inspector, I am so excited at the idea placed it against the far wall, un- of getting my jewels back. Isn't Mr. "He's a clever chap, all right," the

of the far wall was blown out and for I'm rather sorry he wasn't able to lay "That's your point of view, o Quest replaced the instrument in his course," Mrs. Rheinholdt remarked. "I pocket, sprang through the opening can think of nothing but having my

him on its way to New York he could and thank the professor for recom-The inspector made no reply. Mrs.

she was becoming a little tactless. "Of course,' she sighed, "it is dis sounded in Quest's ears. He glanced appointing not to be able to lay your hands upon the thief. That is where were racing almost side by side to- I suppose you must find the interfer wards him. He rushed up the narrow ence of an amateur like Mr. Quest a stairs into the signal room, tearing little troublesome sometimes. He gets open his coat to show his official badge. back the property, which is what the "Stop the freight," he shouted to the private individual wants, but he operator, "Cuick, I'm Sanford Quest, doesn't secure the thief, which is, of detective-special powers from the course the real end of the case from your point of view."

"It's a queer affair about these jew other voice thundered in his ears. He els," the inspector remarked. "Quest hasn't told me the whole story yet. Here we are on the stroke of time!

The car drew up outside Quest's house. The inspector assisted his companion to alight and rang the bell at the front door. There was a some what prolonged pause. He rang again.

"Never knew this to happen before," he remarked. "That sort of secretaryvalet of Mr. Quest's-Ross Brown think he calls him—is always on the spot." They waited for some time. there was still no answer to their summons. The inspector placed his ear to "This ain't your job," the Irishman continued savagely. "We want the to be heard. He drew back, a little puzzled. At that moment his attention was caught by the fluttering of a nearer during this brief colloquy. Gal- little piece of white material caught in the door. He pulled it out. It was a fragment of white embroidery, and on a sudden kick, Quest sent the re- it were several small stains. The involver flying across the room and be- spector looked at them and looked at

"Seems to me," he muttered, "that there has been some trouble here. I had just begun to realize what was shall have to take a liberty. If you'll happening flung himself bodily against | excuse me, Mrs. Rheinholdt, I think it would be better if you waited in the

"You don't think the jewels have been stolen again?" she gasped. The inspector made no reply. He passed. Quest stendied himself for a had drawn from his pocket a little supreme effort, crawled out on the lit- pass key and was fitting it into the lock. The door swung open. a moment. The last car was just be more they were both conscious of that

shouted:

"Hello! Anyone there?" There was no reply. He opened the doors of the two rooms on the right-"What the hell did you want to plug | hand side, where Quest, when he was him for?" the latter muttered. "He engaged in any widespread affair, kept ain't in the show at all. You've done a stenographer and a telegraph operator. Both rooms were empty. Then Red Gallagher staggered to his feet. he turned towards Quest's study on Already the horror of the murderer the left-hand side. French was a man of iron nerve. No power on earth could have kept back the cry which

A few feet away from the door was stretched the body of the secretaryvalet. On the other side of the room lying as though she had slipped from "There's the auto." Gallagher shout- the sofa, her head fallen on one side "Come on, old man! I can fix in hideous fashion, was the body of woman. French set his teeth and drew back the curtains. In the clearer light the disorder of the room was road. Gallagher's rough, hairy fingers fully revealed. There had been a terwere still trembling, but they knew rible struggle. Between whom? How?

There was suddenly a piercing shriek. The inspector turned quickly around. Mrs. Rheinholdt, who had dis regarded his advice, was standing on

"Inspector!" she cried. "What has happened? Oh, my God!" She covered her face with her speed at every yard. Behind, in the hands. French gripped her by the sound of an automobile stopping out-

"Keep quiet for a moment," the inspector whispered in her car. "Pull yourself together, madam. Go to the other end of the room. Don't look. Stay there for a few moments and then get home as quick as you can.' She obeyed him mutely, pressing her hands to her eyes, shivering in "How nice of you to be so punctual, every limb. French, stood back inside Mr. French," she exclaimed, making the room. He heard the front door room for him by her side. "Will you open, he heard Quest's voice outside.

> There was no reply. The door was pushed open. Quest entered, followed by the professor and Craig. The inspector stood watching

"Where the devil are you, Ross?"

still before he had passed the threshold. He looked upon the floor and he looked across to the sofa. Then he ooked at French.

"My God!" he muttered. The professor pushed past. He had looked around the room, and gazed at the two bedies with an expression of blank and absolute terror. Then he

fell back into Craig's arms.

"The poor girl!" he cried. "Horrible! Horrible! Horrible!" "Know anything about this?" Quest

asked quickly. "Not a thing," the inspector replied 'We arrived, Mrs. Rheinholdt and I. at five minutes past twelve. There was no answer to our ring. I used

my pass key and entered. This is Quest stood over the body of his valet for a moment. The man was obviously dead. The inspector took his handkerchief and covered up the head A few feet away was a heavy paperweight.

"Killed by a blow from behind," Freuch remarked grimly, "with that little affair. Look here!"

They glanced down at the girl. Quest's eyebrows came together quickly. There were two blue marks upon her threat where a man's thumbs

might have been. "The hands again," he muttered The inspector nedded.

"Can you make anything of it?" "Not yet," Quest confessed. "I must think.

The inspector glanced at him curi-"Where on earth have you been to?

he demanded. "Been to?" Quest repeated. "Look in the mirror!" French sug-

gested. Quest glanced at himself. His collar had given way, his tie was torn, a button and some of the cloth had been wrenched from his coat, his trousers were torn and he was covered with

"I'll tell you about my trouble a lit tle later ou," he replied. "Say, can't we keep those girls out?"

They were too late. Laura and Lenora were already upon the threshold. Quest swung round toward them. "Girls," he said, "there has been some trouble here. Go and wait up-



He Set His Teeth and Jumped.

Laura, you had better telephone to the police station and for a doctor. That's right, isn't it, inspector?" "Yes!" the latter assented thought fully.

a few feet back into the hall. Laura set her teeth and lingered. "Is that Ross?" she asked. "It's his body," Quest replied. "He's

Lenora, white to the lips, staggered

been murdered here, he and the Salvation Army girl who was to come this morning for her check." Laura turned away half dazed. "I'd have trusted Ross with my life."

been alone in the house when the girl came. Do you suppose it was the usual sort of trouble?" Inspector French stooped down and picked up the paper-weight. Across it

Quest continued, "but he must have

was stamped the name of Sanford Quest. 'This yours, Quest?" "Of course it is," Quest answered

Everything in the room is mine." "The girl would fight to defend her self," the inspector remarked slowly, but she could never strike a man such a blow as your valet died from."

French stooped and picked up small clock. It had stopped at elevenfifteen. He looked at it thoughtfully. "Quest," he went on, "I'll have to

ask you a question."

"Why not?" Quest replied looking quickly up. "Where were you at eleven-fifteen? "On tower No. 10 of the New York

'entral, scrapping for my life," Quest answered grimly. "I've reason to remember it." Something in the inspector's steady gaze seemed to inspire the criminolo gist with a new idea. He came a step

forward, a little frown upon his fore-"Say, French," he exclaimed, "you don't-you don't suspect me of this? French was unmoved. He looked

Quest in the eyes. "I don't know," he said. CTO BE CONTINUED.)

Jobs.



WIDE ROADS ARE IMPORTANT

Time That Highway Builders Awakened to New Conditions-Involves Safety and Convenience.

The road builders of today are neglecting a very important point.

The motor car is a new thing in the world and creates entirely new con-

ditions. The travel of the future will be very great.

The fashion should be set at once for a 100-foot right of way on all main roads. One half should be developed first:

owners under a free lease from the counties until it is needed. It will surely be needed some day. Allowing ten feet for a sidewalk the

first hard-surfaced road should center

the other could be used by the former



Making a Road in South

on the remaining 40 feet. The model to be worked to is two 40-foot roadways, two ten-foot sidewalks and three rows of shade trees-a most proper

plan for a hot climate. All travel of course takes the right hand road. The grade should allow crossing from one road to the other. On a single road with a 50-foot right of way, two ten-foot sidewalks and 30 feet for vehicles, when autos are standing at each curb there is not room for safe passing of vehicles going in opposite directions and this difficulty and danger increases with

the traffic. A single-track road should be 60

feet wide. The middle line of new roads is generally on a section line or other line between two owners. If the fashion is set for a 100-foot right of way owners will give the 50 feet.

If county commissioners will insist on the 100 feet and make it a statewide rule supported by public opinion, owners will fall into line and give the land.

The double-road plan allows speed with safety and the speed of motor cars will in the future be increased on long runs. The point is that it is the duty of

the pioneer road builders of today to

provide for the travel of the future. Fifteen years ago in Chicago a street a mile long between Grant and Lincoln parks was widened from 60 to 200 feet. It cost \$10,000,000. If the people who laid out that street could have looked ahead the expense

such things will happen some day in Florida wherever narrow roads are built. California has awakened to the idea and has some main roads 100 feet

would have been only the amount of

the surveyor's bill. In less degree

wide. As soon as Florida gets hard roads the travel by tourists and citizens by motor car and motor truck will rapidly increase and will grow in time to enormous proportions.

tirely new conditions. Besides the question of safety and convenience there is the question of beauty, of civic pride and the satisfaction of building right for all time. Road builders must realize that the

The climate and the motor car will

accomplish it and it is time that the

road builders awakened to these en-

motor car has brought entirely new conditions. They must lay out the roads wide enough for all time, while the land can be got for nothing. It is a duty.

Be kind to the dairy cow. You can't pound milk out of her with the milk stool or run milk out of her with the

dog when bringing her from the pas-

ture to the barn. Get on good terms

with the dairy cow, and her friendship will be seen by increased profits in the milk pail. Surfacing Footpaths. For surfacing feetpaths, gravel, mix-

tion. To Produc Fertile Ergs. Dry mash containing ten per cent meat scraps should be fed to breeding stock, as it will produce strong fertile

tures of sand and clay, and cinders

will, in general, give good satisfac-

Managing Breeding Swine. In the management of breeding swine, the health of the animal is the important point.

eggs, and plenty of them.

Cover to Hold Snow. Cover the strawberry bed with about four inches of straw to hold the

Typically English Is "Humorous" Comment Made by the Man-

chester Guardian.

As the North pole cannot fairly be moter. Conceive, for instance, the ular afternoon excursions might well the less glorious that it does not carry classed as a "place in the sun." no in- fascination of a stroll in the courtyard be organized to the magnetic pole, a ternational trouble is likely to come of of the Pole hotel, in which the ter- little distance away, to watch the com- ploration.—Manchester Guardian. the reported intention of the United mination of the degrees of longitude pass stand on its head. Certainly, the States to "annex it." A few score of would, of course, be carefully marked, exploiting of this unique possession penguins, a polar bear or two, a deal so that one could move from 10 a. m. could not be in better hands. All naof ice and some first-rate blizzards to 6 p. m. in a step or two, and by tions will envy the courage, ingenuity will have an owner for the first time; walking briskly round an eastward and endurance that gave the Stars started across the seas he was seek. turies for him and those who swarmed to get them .- Tolodo Blade.

possessions in the meantime. Given that the pole itself be tangibly repre- cess-least of all Britain, whose sailbetter communication, however, it sented, with a suitable inscription on should provide a rich field of inspira- it to Commander Peary and (more tions for the American company pro- doubtfully) to Captain Cook; and pop-

THE POLE AS A POSSESSION but even the United States cannot be circle save some hundreds of days in and Stripes the right to fly farthest ing, not America, but the old Orient after him to traverse and conquer the expected to make much of her new an hour. Sentiment would demand north, but none will grudge the suc- of India and China and their gold and hindering dike which rose in his path ors and men of science have found and named a hundred places in the eternal ice, and whose record is not of Columbus' search. All that was with it the blue ribbon of Arctic ex-

The Avending of Columbus.

yearned unto the East and its riches. There was nothing new in the object new was the direction. Columbus went West. Judged in terms of its original purpose, his voyage was a total failure. He started straight for Asia, but ran upon the long, broad The cutting of the Panama canal is dike of land we now call the Amerithe avenging of Columbus. When he cas. It has cost more than four cen-

spices. The heart of men had always and forbade him Asia. The opening of the canal is the first cutting of the dike, the avenging of Columbus, the end of the four-century halt, the re sumption of the advance toward the Orient.-B. I. Wheeler in Review of Reviews.

There may be a few easy jobs in the world, but it requires hard work